

SENSIBILITY.

A P O E M.

BY THOMAS HALL,

AUTHOR OF
BENEVOLENCE AND OTHER POEMS.

Come Sensibility, and cordial Love,
With meek ey'd Sympathy divinely chaste,
And heaven-born Charity, refin'd and pure,
And sweet Humanity, of radiant huc,
And shed your balmy odours.

THE SECOND EDITION.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

AND SOLD BY

C. ELLIOT, PARLIAMENT SQUARE; T. AND J. RUDDIMAN, SOUTH-BRIDGE;
AND J. AINSLIE, ST ANDREW'S STREET, NEW TOWN.

MDCCLXXXIX.

1601/529



T O

M^{RS} FITZHERBERT.

MADAM,

THE following Poem on SENSIBILITY, in
the most respectful manner, is dedicated to you,
by,

MADAM,

Your most obedient,

and very humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.



SENSIBILITY.

A P O E M.

A Death-like silence reigns—these gloomy hours
Invite to meditation—nor balmy sleep,
Or dreams of fancied bliss, shall longer keep
My soul a prisoner ;—bursting forth she roams
O'er varied scenes, with many a ling'ring step,
'Tends the fond lover weeping o'er the tomb
Of some ill-fated maid : Or, round the bed
Of dying infants, views the anxious care,
The poignant anguish which a mother feels,
When, from the quivering lip, and fault'ring breath,
She takes the last embrace, and wildly kifs'd
The soul expiring to a happier state :—
Or shall imagination, sportive turn,
To those gay haunts, where pleasures gilded train
Makes gay the midnight hours ; the well-told jest,

A

The Bacchanalian song, the full mouth'd roar
 Of jocund laughter: Or the fretted roof
 Where music wakes the soul, and where the smile
 Of matchless beauty joins the sprightly dance,
 In all its varied folds: Or, turn appall'd,
 To where the rattling dice, with horrid oaths,
 Forth from the assembled crew, a motely group
 Of statesmen, senators, and perjur'd knaves,
 Without distinction mix'd, with minds as dark
 As is the fable cloud, that now enwraps
 Night's cheerless horizon; without one ray,
 Or spark of honour to illumine the scene,
 Where treachery, fraud, and rapine, stands confest!

Ye giddy throng, who languish in the lap
 Of pamper'd ease, and waste night's thoughtful hours
 In riot, pleasure, and discordant joy!
 Who, when Aurora lights the mountain's top,
 Blushes to view what night's impervious gloom
 Screen'd from the ken of mortals, and whom the sun,
 Heaven's great behest, whose bright refulgent beams
 Was wont to kiss the dewey steps of light,
 And sip ambrosia from th' enamel'd plain;
 Now clouded and obscure ascends his car,
 And up the east'rn hill begins his course,
 Nor smiles on mortals. In vain, alas!
 The voice of reason speaks. In vain, the tears
 Of helpless misery, or th' poignant sighs



Of dire despair!—perhaps a widow'd wretch;
On some bleak mountain's top has pass'd the night;
And, with her infant charge, beguil'd the hours
With unavailing tears: some wounded chief,
Borne on the shoulders of his faithful band,
Awaits the coming morn, and boldly dares
On death or victory. Thoughts like these,
Wou'd lead to virtue's path, curb the career
Of bold imperious vice; and honour's call
Prompt the aspiring soul to manly deeds:
Whilst misery's moan, the anguish that surround
The helpless orphan, and the bed of woe,
Demand the pitying tear, the fostering hand
Of sweet humanity, and the kind concern
That melts with mercy at another's fate.

To you, fair Patroness of th' liberal arts,
And every soft embellishment that marks
A polish'd age, the Muse ambitious soars;
And to FITZHERBERT gives her artless song.
For where the Graces all combine to stamp
Superior worth, and to a faultless form
Adds every nameless beauty; where mildly beams,
Engaging manners, sweet simplicity,
And elegance of thought! each tender wish
That breathes refinement, purity, and truth,
Unshaken friendship, and exalted love:
A bosom, glowing with the sacred flame:

Of every tender virtue: O! accept
These grateful efforts; bid the wanderer live,
And deign to smile on Sensibility!
Thy genuine taste shall rescue from the grave
Of dark oblivion, my unpolish'd song.

Come, gentle spirit! from th' ætherial plains,
Where Spring eternal blooms, where Autumn breathes
Her never-dying sweets; where light, and love,
And chaste perfection dwells: benignly come!
And o'er my mind impart the hallow'd gift
Of inspiration; leave the cloud-capt hill,
The grove umbrageous, or sequester'd bower,
And dwell with me: illumine what is dark,
And my cold bosom, long to grief a prey,
Cheer with thy genial warmth; dry up the tear
That oft has furrow'd down my grief-worn cheek;
And, midst the gloom of night, in this lone cell,
Where horror sleeps not; where the anxious soul,
In fancied thought, strays over boundless space
In meditation wrapt. O! kindly, now,
Bestow thy aid, invigorate my Muse,
And teach her how to soar on fancy's wing,
O'er Nature's wilds, and from her fruitful lap,
Cull every beauty, every perfum'd flower,
To grace, to dignify, her artless song!

Hail, midnight darkness! horror's pitchy veil,
That frights imagination with the form

Of unreal substances, and fever'd dreams ;
That gives the shrouded spectre, and alarms
With chilling fear the perjur'd lover's breast :
Presents the airy form of some fond maid,
Undone by fatal love, whose luckless fate
Had plung'd the direful steel ; or whom despair,
Led to the willow'd stream, to meet, alas !
The clay-cold kifs of death. Nor Cynthia's beams,
Or stars of orient hue, or meteors glare,
Nor light, far glimmering from the straw-thatch'd hut,
To cheer the friendless trav'ler, and impart
Those sweet emotions, which th' endearing name
Of social home, and all the sweet delights
Of ruddy children, and connubial bliss,
Of love unshaken, and the hallow'd theme
Of rural innocence and peaceful life.

Thou, great first cause, whose mighty fiat spake,
And light, o'ershadowing on the footy breast
Of unform'd chaos, beam'd refulgent day :
Whose power controul'd the jarring elements,
And from disorder and confusion, rear'd
Each beauty and perfection. Most admir'd
Of all Thy works, tho' last, yet loveliest far,
And gracefully pre-eminent, is woman.—
Of form superior, where the roseate cheek
Vies with the blushing pink, the sparkling eye,
Yielding soft lustre, like the transient light

Of heavenly vision, graciously intent
 On good to man ; with countenance serene,
 As mildest evening, when the setting sun
 Tinges the western main.—But who can paint
 The nameless graces that encircling play
 Around the soul, and swell the lilyed breast ;
 The thousand mix'd emotions that controul
 And captivate, and where irradiate blooms
 Mild Sensibility, with all her train
 Of tender vot'ries ; which, well-pleas'd, impart
 All lasting good, and permanent delight !

Sweet Sensibility ! of heavenly growth,
 And birth coeval with the hallow'd name
 Of dove-like charity ! fairest sister, thou,
 Of all the balmy virtues that adorn,
 Or humanize mankind : ere time began,
 Or Eden's grateful odours sweetly cheer'd
 The first of humankind, thou didst exist !
 And in the bosom of th' eternal mind
 Thy influence mildly beam'd. Thee, I hail !
 Ineffable, prime source of every good,
 And every lasting joy : to thee belongs
 The lucid tear, fairer than meek-ey'd morn
 Drops on the enamel'd plain ; the tender thought,
 Pure as the hallowed sigh of virtuous love,
 And gentle as the soft endearing name

Of artless pity!—these, with resistless tide,
Burst on the enraptur'd soul, and, faithful, give
The blooming chaplet and immortal wreath,
To crown with lasting honours, and perfume
The sacred tear inurn'd, and to reward
Sweet Sensibility's unfading name.

Thou, dear companion! midst the advent'rous road
Of tedious life, whether thy gentle beams
Play on the infant mind, or soft'ning rays
Dart and expanding o'er the youthful soul,
Benignly yielding joy; or, more matur'd
By ripening age, thy gentle balm extends
Its wonted fragrance, and imparts a flow
Of bliss unutterable; still thou art dear,
And gives a lustre to the rosy cheek
Of infant beauty:—Nor the sparkling eye
Of smiling youth, cloath'd in the gayest robes
Of blooming health, without thy genial aid
Can wake to rapture:—Nor maturer age,
Deck'd out in ancient lore, the pride of schools!
And sage experience void of thy support,
Can stamp the firm impression, or inspire
The mind with pleasure, at the enchanting name
Of Godlike wisdom. Thus, thro' all the turns
Of checquer'd life, the tender passions mold,
Sublimes, and polishes, the human race.

Let honour lead the bold aspiring youth
To manly deeds ; and midst the clang of arms,
And pomp of war, irradiate the brow,
And add fresh vigour to the uplifted arm.
Let love of freedom prompt the patriot's breast
With honest zeal, to watch the guardian laws ;
And, in the senate, with resistless force,
Pour the full tide of matchless eloquence.
Let love of fame, around the poet's brow
Entwine the laurel ; in the secret haunts
Of pensive silence, lead the enraptur'd Muse
To the lov'd bower, where, dove-like, oft descends
Sweet inspiration, as on Seraph's wing !
Whilst those, whose hallow'd bosom feels the flame
Of Sensibility, enjoy a bliss,——
A tide of rapture !—What avails to them
The dazzling blaze of martial honours, or
The patriot's zeal, the never-fading wreath,
The poet's grateful meed ; the stately fane,
That marks to future times the heroic deed ?
Unconscious, they survey the costly pomp,
The glare of riches, and the pride of power,
Insensible of joy, save when the soul
Congenial melts, enlarges, and expands
With sympathetic love : the thrilling tide
Throbs through each azure vein, refin'd and pure,
As is ætherial music, when awakes
The lute and viol in harmonious lays.

O Sensibility ! thou cordial cup,
And soothing draught, to lighten human woes :
Grateful, and full of fragrance ! thou art sent
Cloath'd, as with seraph softness, with aspect mild
As virgin innocence ; and in thy train,
Peaceful attends pity, with eyes as meek
As dewey twilight !—next, with rosy blush,
Sweet sympathy advances with luring voice,
Melodious as the red-breast morn song ;
Whilst Philomela, grateful joins the train
With plaintive melody, and echo's forth
Humanity, with cherub face, and breath
Soothing as noon-tide zephyrs ; with footsteps soft :
As sober evening, when with dusky robe
She veils the parting day, and gently sheds
The fragrant tear of night. Nor these alone
Impart all earthly good, but 'tend the soul
To realms of brighter day : Like incense, pure
Before the presence of the eternal mind,
They grateful rise, exhale their balmy sweets
In heavenly odours, and immortal bloom.
Without thy influence, thy pervading power,
Celestial passion ! what avails, if round
The path of life, the lib'ral hand of heav'n
Hath scatter'd roses, and bestrew'd each sweet
That charms the sense, and captivates the eye.
Illusive transports all ! and void of bliss !
For, when the vital spring that forms the mind

Is quite estrang'd to every tender thought,
 Each chaste refinement, delicate and pure,
 Life sinks in stupid langour! quite absorb'd
 Each daring aim, each bold majestic flight,
 That marks the heaven-born visitant, and
 Gives birth to every generous act
 Benign to man! For life, is not to breathe
 The vital air, and feel the reg'lar pulse
 Of glowing health, or stalk with conscious pride
 O'er nature's bounds, unblest with social love;
 But, 'tis to glow with every sacred wish,
 Beneficent and kind! 'tis to indulge
 A large expanse of soul, to cherish, sooth
 Each soft emotion! nurse the falling tear
 That drops o'er human frailty! hail the sigh
 That swells the impassion'd breast, and blest the eye
 That beams with sympathy and melting love,
 O'er all the helpless sons of wayward fate!

O happy they, on whom propitious stars
 Indulgent shine! on whom the breath of heav'n
 Inspiring warms, and to a feeling heart
 The hallowed power is given of doing good!
 And you that witness to the exalted blifs,
 The sweet disorder, the unbounded thanks,
 That humble gratitude in silence gives.
 O speak the joy! or if too much for mortals,
 Let the voice of listening seraph paint

The glowing scene: when on the trembling lip,
And every feature bright'ning into love,
The grateful tribute flows, angels record
The mutual bliss, and waft the flowing tear,
Inurn'd, to realms empurpled o'er with flowers
That bloom unfading in eternal prime!

But if to Sensibility we owe
Each delicate refinement, if it yields
Unalterable good, it oft imparts
A poignant anguish and a bleeding wound.
For, Oh! the grief that rankles in the breast
That's form'd by nature's hand, refin'd and pure!
When pinch'd by cruel want, when sadly pierc'd
By venom'd calumny, and the bitter taunts
Of lordly grandeur, vaunting with full pride
O'er bathful merit; when the good, distressed,
Seek out the shade to vent the silent tear!
When liberal minds, and souls which heaven has form'd
With brighter prospects and immortal hopes,
Sink in obscurity.
For them, the spring breathes not her gentle gales,
Nor summer's sun ripens the golden fruits!
For them, nor Ceres with her yellow stores,
Floats on the waving fields; nor bleats the flocks,
Or low'rs on verdant hills the stately ox,
To yield them plenty! Nor Afric sons, for them
Dig the dark mine, or search the embowel'd earth;
Nor groan beneath the lash, in bondage rear'd

The sons of mis'ry! For them, nor friendship's balm
 Solace their wounds, or medicine, the cup
 Of baleful life; yet inly calm secure
 They taste content! No cries of orphans wrong'd;
 Or widows plaint molest their peace! No dreams
 Of cities sack'd, or slaughtered villages
 Disturb their slumbers! With minds serene
 Unmov'd they stand, nor heed the busy world,
 The crush of empire, or the wreck of states.
 For what can shake the man whose views are bent
 On loftier scenes, and whose enlightened soul
 Pants after other worlds; where rest from toil.
 The weary traveller, in the blest abodes
 Of love ineffable, and endless bliss.—

Nor yet, alone, the man that's truly blest
 With every noble power that virtue gives,
 With all the soft solicitude that marks
 The feeling mind, bestows the selfish tear,
 Or fears the gathering storm, or dreads the cloud
 Which veils his humblest hopes: If heaves a sigh,
 Not for himself the gentle murmur flows.—
 If the stern hand of iron want presents
 The scanty meal, and, poorly clad, he
 Feels the inclement seasons; no rude complaint,
 No impious railing at the unfathom'd ways
 Of boundless wisdom, marks his evening song!
 Superior far, to every fordid wish,
 With philanthropic eye, he only weeps.

For others woe ; with wide expanded heart,
And wishes breathing universal love,
Pines at his humble lot, which, too confin'd,
Denies the power to succour the distressed,
And shield from misery the sons of care !—

What is this emanation, this chaste joy,
This delicate refinement, that impels
To virtuous deeds, and stamps pre-eminence
On human kind ! these gentle, silent throbs,
And mix'd emotions, that surround the soul,
Absorbing wild desire ? 'tis heaven itself :—
With proud distinction and transcendent love,
That wakes within, that thrills thro' every vein,
And warms the feeling heart, tinges alone
The aspect with a thousand nameless hues
Sacred to Sensibility !—endears
E'en beauty's loveliest smile, and adds a grace
To female softness, constancy, and love.

Enraptur'd theme ! O may my artless verse
Rise in full harmony, whilst my untaught Muse
Awaits the inspiring breeze ! whether at noon
The gentle gale descends, or shadowy eve,
The fleeting emanation mildly beams ;
Or, at the early dawn, when twilight opes
Her tearful eye, piercing thro' pitchy night,
The sweet effulgence drops : still may my song

Flow tuneful, whilst, on daring wing, I hail
 The British fair! whether in russet robes
 And rural splendor, shines the village maid,
 Or drest in orient gems, and costly pomp,
 And all the riches of the Persian loom,
 Adding new beauty to the winning form
 Of female softness! whatever sweetly charms,
 Of Sensibility, alone is theirs.
 Theirs is the faultless form, the according soul,
 And every nameless grace that silent beams,
 And mildly captivates: the vermill'd blush,
 The delicate refinement that retires,
 Nor courts the gazer's eye: the conscious pride,
 That guards with watchful care the hallow'd trust
 Of virgin honour: the sacred wish, which breathes
 Benevolence and love: whatever leads
 To virtuous deeds, and prompts to pure delight,
 Is theirs; and they alone, of all created good,
 The sole and perfect workmanship of Heaven!

In yonder dale, beneath the moss-crown'd hill;
 Where wildly murmurs the soft swelling stream,
 And the thick copse, that shelt'ring round affords
 A cool retreat from Summer's scorching sun,
 The village peaceful stands. At distance seen
 The humble spire, and echo from afar
 Returns the clamour of the busy mill.
 In Sylvan pride each cott resplendent shines;

Nor guilt that blackens, nor insidious smiles
That marks the crouded city, here obtrude
Their baleful influence! sweet content, and peace,
And rural innocence, their hallowed shrines
Majestic rear, to grace the calm retreat!
'Twas in this lone sequester'd spot the fair
Louisa dwelt, the pride of rural song!
Hers was the lustre of the radiant tints
That decks the ætherial bow, chaste as the flow'r,
That shrinks from mortal touch, and blooming mild
As sweet anemonies, or opening rose!
At earliest dawn she sought the lowing herd,
And from the tedded kine the richest streams
Of flowing milk, to grace the rural board.
Amid the sultry rays of noon-tide sun,
She join'd the reaper's train; or blithsome fung,
As light she tript it o'er the enamel'd green,
Spreading the new-mown hay. The village boast!
For every nameless beauty, every grace,
That artless Nature gives, Louisa claim'd.
Nor less endear'd to fond parental love,
Who watch'd the tender plant, and grateful view'd
Each opening blossom, virtue's fairest beams,
That promis'd lustre in maturer day!
Her fame, far spreading, reach'd the distant court;
And many a youth, and many a shepherd lad,
Struck with the lustre of her sparkling eyes,
Confest the tender flame. With down-cast looks,

And virgin coynefs, oft ſhe heard the tale,
But ſtill her heart, tho' exquisitely form'd,
Ne'er felt the rapturous blifs of mutual love.
Till, once in evil hour, the gallant youth,
Lyfander, boaffful lord, forfook the pomp
Of courtly ſplendor, and aſſum'd the 'guiſe
Of cottage ſwain : at earlieſt dawn he roſe,
Forth with his crook, and up the neighbouring hill,
Unfolds his flock to crop the dewey blade :
At noon, he warbled with the jocund pipe,
And drew the artleſs nymphs to cooling ſhades,
Rehearſing tales of love : ere fun beams droop'd,
Or evening's livery cloath'd the burniſh'd weſt,
He join'd the village train, and led the dance,
In ruſtic beauty, o'er the enamel'd mead :
Ill-fated maid ! for, O ! alas, thoſe eyes,
That radiant beam ineffable delight !
That boſom, ſtranger to the lawleſs rage
Of wild deſire, too ſoon with trembling pangs,
And throbbing woes, ſhall beat diſcordant love.
Lyfander ey'd, with conſcious pride, the fair
And blooming maid ; and 'midſt the toils of day,
'Twas his to bear the labours of the field,
And nightly watch the long accuſtom'd path,
That led Louiſa to her peaceful cott.
Ah, luckleſs eve ! nor moon, nor twinkling ſtar,
Nor guardian angel, to record the vows,
The falſe Lyfander ſwore : too well he told

The soothing tale: and O! too well he gain'd
The stolen raptures of unlawful love.
As some fair plant whose fragrance fills the air,
Whose beauty tempts the cruel spoiler's hand,
Ere half its splendor opens to the sight,
Pluckt by th' unthinking youth, it fades, it droops,
No more to flourish, captivate, or charm!
So fell the fair Louisa, lovely maid,
Betray'd by faithless man! But who can paint
The wild disorder, the tumultuous rage,
That swell'd her breast: in vain aloud she call'd
On false Lyfander, claim'd his promis'd vows
Of plighted love. Inconstant, cruel, youth!
Deaf to her tears, her agonies, her grief,
He scorns the victim of his lawless pow'r.
Now pines in secret, fades the vermill'd rose,
That late so blooming grac'd Louisa's cheek;
And dim the lustre of those sparkling orbs,
That beam'd with radiance like a Summer's morn.
In vain a father's tears, a mother's prayers,
To calm the wild uproar: a prey to grief,
To Sensibility, she pines away
In gloomy solitude each tedious hour;
Till death, encircling with his icy arms,
A requiem gives to all her throbbing woes!
Now, round her cold remains the village maid
Points to the grass-green turf, and weeping says,
Beware, inconstant man! for here's entomb'd

The fair Louisa, beautiful and young,
A blooming victim to unhallow'd love !

O sweet retirement ! virtue's chastest friend,
That molds the generous purpose, and imprints
Heroic ardour in the human breast !
In thy sequestered haunts, a CHATHAM oft
Fan'd every lambent flame, and nobly dar'd
For Briton's weal. Immortal ELLIOT next
Confest thy power ; and, midst the clang of war
Retiring oft, and faithful to his charge :
For much his soul was fir'd with patriot love,
And dear he priz'd the heaven-capt barren rock ;
Conquering, he hurl'd destruction on the foe !
And if there blooms in one sequester'd spot,
Unhallow'd yet, and screen'd from mortal eye,
The chaste fair myrtle, and the laurell'd leaf,
O may the spotless nymphs of Britain's isle
Entwine the wreath, and on the hero's brow
Triumphant deck the ever-blooming flower,
The unfading garland and immortal crown !
Nor shall the gallant RODNEY be forgot ;
"The scourge of Spain, and France insulting pride ;"
The boast of Britons, Neptunes darling son !
Whate'er's the victor's due, of public praise,
And never-fading honours : The stately pile,
Marking to future times the heroic deed ;
The trump of fame, which in th' recording page

Shall never die ; the conqueror's well-earned meed ;
All, all are thine ! and, O ! a nation's thanks
Gracefully falls upon thy laurell'd brow.

What mean these swelling notes, those grateful sounds,
That, far diffus'd, bespeak a nation's thanks;
A people's loyalty, and faithful love !
Nor longer weeping with dishevell'd hair,
And wildest horror on the sea-girt shore,
Britannia pensive sits, but wide expands
The gen'ral joy :—and hark ! her freeborn sons
Echo Great GEORGE's name ! the patriot King,
The friend and guardian of our happy land !
Soft blow ye winds, let health in every breeze
Waft on his tranquil brow : let every day,
Succeeding like a loyal people's love,
Impart fresh lustre to his vale of years !
Ye sun-beams genial shine ; and as you play
Around his sacred temples, mildly bear
The "Healing God:" And thou pale Cynthia, queen
Of Ebon night, exhale each noxious mist,
And humid vapour, that with baleful pow'r
Would blast a people's hopes : And ye chaste stars,
Whether ye deck the velvet robe of night,
Or shine with orient lustre at the peep
Of earliest dawn, still benignly shed
Your mildest influence : Ye sky-top'd hills,
And vales luxuriant crown'd with verdant shrubs,

Join in responsive song: Ye feather'd race,
Tune forth your loveliest notes, and aid the voice
Of universal Nature: in sweet sounds,
Hymn thankful gratulations to that Pow'r
Who smil'd on Albion's Chief, and wip'd away
A nation's tears, softened the bed of woe,
And, hovering round, restor'd to blooming health
Britannia's Monarch, Father, Friend, and King.

Hail! happy people, highly favour'd land!
Whose cliffs majestic curb the raging main,
And mark the bounds to Neptune's swelling foam!
Whose Monarch sits enthron'd, and reigns secure
In every freeborn heart: the pride, the boast,
And glory of our isle! And see a long
Illustrious race, to wear the British crown;
Or lead our floating bulwarks to the walls
Of Britain's foes; or guide the embatt'led host
To death or victory on the lifted plain!
And first, the royal youth, whose anxious care,
Wept o'er a nation's fate; fir'd with the love
Of Albion's safety, forsook the shade
Of sweet retirement, elegance, and ease,
And stood confest the guardian of our land.
Illustrious Prince! whose opening dawn bespeaks
A bright meridian and a perfect day!
Long may the pure example of thy fire,
Form to maturity each opening bud,

Each generous sentiment and manly thought ;
And long indulgent may the Brunswick line,
To latest time adorn the British throne !

Bear me on eagle's wing, or let me mount
On morning exhalation to the abodes
Of endless light, where spirits immortal dwell !
And where the guardian Seraph, he, who watch'd *,
O'er gallant YORK, and turn'd the bolt of death ;
Shielded the royal youth, to swell the tide
Of England's glory, and in future times
To marshal on the plains her hardy sons :
To teach th' insulting foe, who dares to wake
The British courage, that a British Prince
Can bravely conquer or can bravely die.
CLARENCE ! o'er whom e'en now the nodding wreath
Of trophied honours decks thy royal brow :
Illustrious gallant youth ! form'd to command,
And lead with swelling sails and stately port,
The British navies conquering o'er the seas,
Long may thy laurels bloom ! and long rever'd,
May Britons hail thee champion o'er the main !

Immortal essence ! infinite supreme !
Who deign'd to form the image of thyself ;
And, in the breast of human kind, to plant

F

* Alluding to a recent duel.

Each heaven-born virtue, intellectual pow'rs,
And every friendly purpose : on me impart
Thy kindest influence ! Let my bosom glow
With every tender thought, each kind concern
And generous sentiment, that, amidst the gloom
Of abject poverty, or the oppressive marks
Of vengeful contumely, or the proud man's scorn,
Or bending 'neath the weight of misery ;
Debar'd each common blessing that the air
Or genial sun bestows ! Without the aid
Of kindred, friends, deserted and forlorn,
Still let me rise superior to the frowns
Of adverse fate ! insensible, remain :
With calm indifference 'midst the bursting storm ;
Nor ask for shelter from th' unfeeling world.

Thus, the poor lark, whose tuneful pipe awakes
At earliest dawn, and with his heaven-taught lays,
Welcomes Aurora and the rising sun ;
Or, 'midst the toil of day, beguiles the hours,
And carols to the reaper's artless strain :
Ere sober evening comes, a victim falls ;
Struck by the felon hawk, unwept, unmourn'd,
By all his brother songsters of the grove !

The sun now sinking, and the bird of eve
Hails the approach of night ; the whistling hind,
Jocund repairs to greet his humble cott,

And rest from toil ; and hark, the village bell
Tolls out departing light ! the fable rook,
And croaking raven, wheels their airy flight,
And seeks the shelter'd grove : the shadows walk
With giant strides, and mists, and falling dew,
And darkling clouds embrown the close of day:
The playful children shun the yew-tree shade,
And the green turf, where lies in mould'ring heaps
Their ancient fires: the church-yard lonely seems,
Nor dares ev'n truant boldness tempt the path
Across those peaceful mansions ! All is hush,
Save from yon neighbouring grove, the widow'd wren:
Laments some rural theft : or Collin's pipe,
Resounding from the plains : or Daphne sighs,
Of slighted love ! Now, forth in solemn steps,
The hours advance, sacred to solitude
And musing thought ! Now contemplation,
As in pilgrim's guise, silent and slow,
Enjoys lone quiet in her calm retreat.
And hark, the screech-owl, from yon ivy'd tow'r,
Fills up each pause to meditation due.
Now, from his Sylvan cell the hermit leaves
His drear abode, and talks with nature's God :
Surveys the whole with philosophic eye,
And wond'ring, sinks in grateful ecstasy.
Enraptur'd scene ! here let me ever dwell ;
In calm obscurity fix each resolve,
And generous purpose in my glowing breast !

Here let me pass the fleeting hours of life,
 In rural quiet tend the fleecy charge,
 And o'er the plain direct the labouring plow!
 Or when Autumnal blossoms crown the field,
 Bind up the sheaves, or to the sickle give
 Redoubled ardour. Nor shall the Muse disdain
 The rural song, or jocund pipe, or dance,
 Sacred to beauteous Ceres, nor forget
 The liberal hand of Heaven, who bount'ous pours
 Those fruitful blessings to be scattered wide;
 And far diffus'd, to joy the widow's heart,
 And glad the breast oppress'd with ruthless want,
 And wipe the tear from bashful merit's eye.

Thus, let me close the last remains of life;
 In doing good, in rescuing from the fangs
 Of vile oppression, virtue's darling sons:—
 Raising the drooping head of modest worth,
 And sheltering from want the friendless poor.
 Be this the poet's meed. And, O! when life
 Has run its course, and feebly burns that lamp,
 Which, once extinguish'd, wakes in endless day:
 May some kind friend, around the bed of death,
 But close mine eyes, and o'er the cold remains
 Plant the green turf, and drop one pitying tear.
 'Tis all I wish! 'tis all I ask of Heaven!

F I N I S.

